

# NASHVILLE DAILY UNION.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1862.

NO 209

## Davidson County Directory.

### CITY GOVERNMENT.

JOHN HUGH SMITH, Mayor.  
WILLIAM SHANK, Recorder.  
JOHN CHUMBLEY, Marshal.  
Deputy Marshals—W. H. Wilkins, A. G. Tucker, J. James A. Steele.  
Marsh of the Market—John Chumbley, on office, first, L. Ryan, second, and John Reddick, third.  
Tax Assessor—William Driver.  
License Collector—A. B. Shankland.  
Post & Telegraph Collector—E. R. Garrett.  
Treasurer—R. Henry.  
Wharf Master—Thomas Leake.  
Superintendent of the Workhouse—J. Q. Dodd.  
Superintendent of the Water Works—James Wyatt.  
Chief of the Fire Department—John M. Seabury.  
Sergeant of the County—T. H. McBride.  
Post Office—J. L. Stewart.  
City Attorney—John McPhail Smith.

### CITY COUNCIL.

Board of Aldermen—M. M. Brien, President; J. E. Wynn, O. A. J. Mayfield, H. G. (Score), Wm. S. Chestnut, J. C. Smith, M. G. L. Claiborne, and Jas. Robb.  
Common Council—W. P. Jones, President; William Brien, T. J. Yarbrough, Wm. Driver, Wm. Stewart, H. H. Hough, Wm. Mullins, James Turner, G. M. South, A. H. Cole, Jas. Davis, Andrew Anderson, J. B. Fowler, and John Greedy.

### STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Finance—Knobles, Score and Cole.  
Water Works—Anderson, Smith and Claiborne.  
Streets—Yarbrough, Turner, Spithurst, Davis, Brien, Yarbrough, Claiborne and Claiborne.  
Wharf—Newman, Stewart and Turner.  
Hospital—Jones, Mayfield and Brien.  
Schools—Chatham, Mayfield and Knowles.  
Fire Department—Greedy, Driver and Newman.  
Liquor—Brien, Chatham and Davis.  
Market House—Roberts, Stewart and Turner.  
Police—Hough, Claiborne and Davis.  
Bridges—Chatham, Brien and Anderson.  
Springs—Hough, Claiborne and Brien.  
Forkhouse—Chatham, Mayfield and Knowles.  
Improvements and Expenditures—Cole, Score and Cole.  
Public Property—Brien, Chatham and Turner.  
Post House—Mayfield, Jones and Roberts.

The Board of Aldermen meets the Tuesday preceding the second and fourth Thursdays in a month, and the Common Council the second fourth Thursdays in each month.

### NIGHT POLICE.

Captain—John Baugh.  
First Lieutenant—Wm. Yarbrough.  
Second Lieutenant—John H. Davis.  
Platoon—Wm. Jackson, John Cavender, Nick B. Joel Phillips, Wm. Baker, John Ottrell, William O. John, James J. W. Wright, John Pickett, Bert Scott, W. C. Francis, Thomas Francis, Andrew P. David Yates, and Charles Hestit.  
The Police Court is opened every morning at 10 o'clock.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—James M. Hinton. Deputies—Thomas Hobbs and J. R. Buchanan.  
Register—Phineas Garrett.  
Treasurer—Wm. Taylor.  
Comptroller—S. H. Bricker.  
Recorder—John Corbett.  
County Collector—J. G. Briley.  
Sheriff—The Collector—W. D. Robertson.  
Undersheriff for the Nashville District—John D. Gower.  
J. R. Newman.

### COUNTY COURT.

Judge—Hon. James Whitworth.  
Deputy—P. Lindsey Nichol.  
The Judge's Court meets the first Monday in a month, and the Quarterly Court, composed of Magistrates of the County, is held the first Monday in January, April, July and October.

### CIRCUIT COURT.

Judge—Hon. Nathaniel Baxter.  
Deputy—David C. Love.  
The Court meets the first Monday in March and September.

### CRIMINAL COURT.

Judge—Hon. William K. Turner.  
Deputy—Charles E. Dugan.  
The Court meets the first Monday in April and December.

### CHANCERY COURT.

Judge—Hon. Samuel D. Primmer.  
Deputy—Master—J. E. Glover.  
The Court meets the first Monday in May and November.

### L. O. O. F.

F. H. Hays, Grand Secretary, should be acknowledged at Nashville, Tenn.  
Lodge No. 1—Meets every Tuesday Evening at their Hall, on the corner of Union and Church streets. The officers for the present term are: Treasurer, N. O.; J. E. Mills, V. G.; J. L. Weakley, Secretary; L. E. Spain, Treasurer.

Lodge No. 10—Meets at the same place every Monday Evening. The officers are: R. A. Smith, N. G.; Henry Apple, V. G.; J. L. Park, Secretary; B. E. Brown, Treasurer.

Lodge No. 30—Meets at their Hall, on South 22d street, every Friday Evening. The officers are: J. C. Cover, N. G.; Frank Harman, V. G.; James A. Secretary; W. M. Malloy, Treasurer.

Lodge No. 100 (German)—Meets at the corner of Union and Summer streets, every Friday Evening. The officers are: Charles Rich, N. G.; J. E. Mills, V. G.; J. L. Weakley, Secretary; L. E. Spain, Treasurer.

Lodge No. 1—Meets at the above Hall the first and third Wednesdays of each month. The officers are: J. E. Mills, N. G.; T. H. McBride, V. G.; J. L. Weakley, Secretary; L. E. Spain, Treasurer.

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## DAVIDSON COUNTY DIRECTORY—Continued.

### MILITARY QUARTERS AND OFFICERS.

Post—Headquarters on High street. Gen. Negley, commanding.  
District—Headquarters on Sumner street (Dr. Ford's residence). W. H. Smith, Maj. 18th U. S. Infantry, A. A. G.  
Provost Marshal—Headquarters at the Capitol. A. G. Gillem, Col. 1st Tenn. Infantry.  
Chief Assistant Quartermaster—Headquarters on Cherry street; No. 10, (Judge Catron's residence). Capt. J. D. Bingham.  
Assistant Quartermaster—No. 10, Cherry street. Capt. R. Stevenson.  
Assistant Quartermaster—Vine street, near Mrs. Polk's residence. Capt. R. N. Lamb.  
Assistant Quartermaster—No. 37, Market street. Capt. J. M. Hale.  
Chief Commissary—Headquarters, No. 10, Vine st. Capt. R. Macfadyen.  
Commissary of Subsistence—Broad street. Capt. S. Little.  
Acting Commissary of Subsistence—Corner of Broad and College streets. Lieut. Charles Allen.  
Medical Director—Sumner street. (Dr. Ford's old residence). Surgeon, E. Swift.  
Medical Purveyor's Office—Church street, Masonic Building. J. R. Pierce, Surgeon; 8th Kentucky Infantry, Acting Medical Purveyor.

### B. B. CONNOR & BRO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
NO. 4 COLLEGE STREET

### New Stock just received and for sale low to close out consignments.

- 200 boxes SALT, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 100 boxes SALT, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 coils ROPE, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 40 coils COIL OIL, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 coils COIL OIL, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 150 dozen BROOMS, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 boxes SOAP, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 boxes STARCH, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 12 chests TEA, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 12 half chests TEA, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 12 chests TEA, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 boxes YEAST POWDERS, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases SODA, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 100 boxes MATCHES, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 25 boxes STAR CANDLES, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 25 boxes COFFEE, for sale by CONNOR & CO.
- 14 bins VINEGAR, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 bins SALMON, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 24 bins MACARONI, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 5 bins HERRING, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 2 bins SHAD, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 19 bins TROUT, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 bins MACARONI, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 4 bins CIDER, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 16 boxes dried HERRING, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 16 boxes dried SHAD, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 80 kegs NAILS, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 50 bins Crushed Sugar, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 125 kegs MEAL, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 500 bins FLOUR, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases HAMS, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 cases SIDES, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 200 bins POTATOES, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 20 boxes fresh Garden SEED, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 8 bins Onion SEED, for sale by CONNOR & BRO.
- 10 barrels Canned HAMS, with a large lot of all sorts of goods, which we will close out low, at our old stand, No. 4 College street.

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Nashville and the public in general, that they have fitted up a house, No. 10, Union Street, where they will constantly keep a well-selected stock of all descriptions of

### BOOTS & SHOES.

Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags, &c., which they will sell at the lowest rates for Cash, at Wholesale and Retail.

M. MORGANSTERN  
No. 10, Union Street.

### FOR RENT.

I HAVE FOUR TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSES for rent, for 1863, near the Reservoir, on Lebanon Pike. These are very comfortable houses, have each eight rooms, a coal house, an abundant supply of hydrant water, and are so admirably situated for obtaining supplies that tenants have rarely to send to market, finding one right at their doors.

## Nashville Union.

Published by an Association of Printers.

Office on Printers' Alley, between Union and Kendrick Streets.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 12, 1862.

### Giving the Devil His Due.

The contrabands in Middle Tennessee exonerate the guerrilla Morgan from various charges made against him by the sneaking rebels of that section, who frequently attribute their own depredations to him. An army correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes:

A large portion of our division were last night ordered to Lebanon, Tennessee, but as it will require many to hold the railroad and keep it open, there are still a "few more left." But there is one thing perfectly certain to my mind—this road will not remain free from danger long, unless every known sympathizer is driven to Vicksburg. It is no use completing this road, unless strict orders are issued to send every traitor South and hang all who stay.

An old negro resident near this camp, in conversation a few days since, said to me:

"Look-a-yeah! all you white folks, when any debbletry is done, ailes lay it to Massa John Morgan."

"Well," said I, "don't he do a large share of it?"

"Yass, he doose do a heap, but lor bress you, Massa, gib de debble his due; he don't do de half what de white folks say. You see dat tunnel, don't you?"

said he, rolling the white of his eyes to the obliteration of all sight of the pupil.

"Yes, I see it," I replied.

"Well, sah! Massa Morgan hab no more to do wid dat tunnel dan you do yourself. Morgan want no wah nigh dis place when dat was done; de folks what lib all round here was de Morganses what do dat work; why, dey done toiled rail for free days and packed em in dat tunnel, and dey set em on fire, and such a cracklin as you nebber heard, and in less dan a week ebbery body all ober de country was a tellin about how as John Morgan burnt de tunnel."

### Working in Sleep.

Some people seem to accomplish little in their waking hours. It might be well for them if they could form the curious habit alluded to in the following paragraph:

A case is related of an English clergyman who used to get up in the night, light his candle, write sermons, correct them with interlunations, and retire to bed again, being all the time asleep. The Archbishop of Bordeaux mentions a similar case of a student, who got up to compose a sermon while asleep, wrote it correctly, read it over from one end to the other, or at least appeared to read it, made corrections on it, scratched out lines and substituted others, put in its place a word which had been omitted, composed music, wrote it accurately down, and performed other things equally surprising. Dr. Gall notices a miller who was in the habit of getting up every night and attending to his usual vocations at the mill, then returning to his bed. On waking in the morning he recollected nothing of what had passed during the night. Martin speaks of a saddler who was accustomed to rise in his sleep and work at his trade; and Dr. Pritchard of a farmer who got out of bed, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to the market, being all the while asleep. Dr. Blacklock, on one occasion, rose from his bed, to which he had retired at an early hour, came into the room where his family were assembled, conversed with them, and afterwards entertained them with a pleasant song, without any of them suspecting he was asleep, and without his retaining, after he awoke, the least recollection of what he had done. It is a singular, yet well authenticated fact, that in the disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore, many of the soldiers fell asleep, yet continued to march along with their comrades.

### THE FAIR SEX DEFENDED.—Women

say they would be equal to the sterner sex were they equally well educated. In five cases out of ten they are just as well educated—for instance, amongst the poorer classes; yet from them our great men rise—our great women never do.

In music, women have ten times more education than men. They begin early—they leave off late; and yet who ever heard of a great female composer?—a Purcell, a Haydn, or a Mozart? Again, in cookery, women are carefully taught; but who ever heard of a first-rate woman cook who could demand, like a Sayer or a Ude, her eight hundred a year? No—man is the weightier animal—the more powerful in brain and limb—sometimes even the greater and more tender of heart.

Women have lately been knocking at the Edinburgh and London Universities for "doctors' degrees." At the former they have been rejected, and wisely so. In acute and dangerous cases we would all sooner trust to a man.

Nov 26-62 M. G. L. CLAIRBORNE.

## Lecture at the Breakfast Table.

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Sally, as she commenced pouring the coffee, "I tell you there'll be war till time is changed! What an idee at the war's again to stop and the folks just as wicked as ever! I tell you this war is a judgment on the folks. Haven't they been growing wicked and wicked ever since I can remember. I told John somethin' d come, ever so many times—now its come, just as I know'd 't would, an' I bieve that'll be war all over till folks learns to do different. Wy jus look at everybody's jus 'like christians and all. Why ministers used to preach agin extravagance, but now they'r gittin grander and grander. No wonder they dasent preach agin dress no more. Just look at Dr. Theophilus' fokes, at the way she and the darters dress, and another thing, they think they must all be doctors now days. 'Twas so when I was young. 'Twas only the great larned men was doctors then; but now its all show and parade, and every new fandangle they'r jes as soon as they can git 'em. Wy they young fokes think they can't do nothin' now a days but play the pianer an' walk the streets with their silk gounds, all ruffled off, sweepin' the nasty sidewalks all over. Was there ever sich extravagance? I wonder if the war didn't come long afore it did. An' they're so lazy. Why they's fraid to sit ther haps. Its more consens to keep their haps wither than that the work should be did. Well, they'd ought to go without vittles for a while. Then I guess they'd larn to work and wear plane clothes, too, as their mothers did afore 'em; then they'd hev somethin' to do besides ridin' round with beaux—an' they haint content with wun nuther, but ets fust one then tother.

Wonder how much lar they git? When I was a gal, 'twas 'so. I didn't want to go with eny body but John, on ef he'd gone with somebody else, I'd heerd tell on't."

"You'd spunked up," said John. "Of course I should, and you'd know it, 'n," she replied.

"Wall," continued Aunt Sally, "I don't believe the war'll stop till the folks du as they ought to. Maby 'twill be as 'twas in old revolutionary times yet, they'll hav to spin and weave, and make their own clothes, then they can't parade round in finery as they du now. Yes, and maby the men'll all hay to go to war; then the gals'll hay to go to work, and 'twon't be makin' picters nor posys on their petticoats, nor stichin' hearthrugs with yeller woored."

The old lady paused, that her respiratory organs might become replenished, when Miss Nihil, (one of those who are favored with a tidally session at her table at a stipulated price per week, table-talk and lectures thrown in,) ventured to inquire whether she included the gentleman in her animadversions. "Of course I do," she replied, "they haint a bit better, wuz if enything." But, as the boarders are leaving the table, she will probably reserve what she has to say of the masculine sinners, 'till another morning.

The moon, so near us, and yet so little known, proves our incompetency to soar beyond the limits of our combined senses. Maps of the surface two hundred years old, and Russell's Lunar Globe, prove that the surface undergoes no change. She can have no water on the side next to the earth, or clouds would obscure her ground plan. She is, in truth, regarded as a dry calx. Her reaction, however, produces a terro-lunar orbit, inversely, as the masses, and this orbit scollops the orbit round the sun produced by the fulcrum or centre of their momenta. As to the earth's centre, it is an oscillation to which the mobile oceans respond, and hence the tides. The Egyptians had a tradition that time was when there was no moon. We are, therefore, to suppose that in moving through space, in a direction contrary to the earth, a mutual reaction was established in large and small orbits, like those which constitute the general scheme of the universe. The dark spots are not supposed to be water, while the high parts are ridges of mountains or highlands. The brilliant spots are hollows surrounded by high ridges, with a hill in their centre. This rough surface is considered as volcanic; but combustion bespeaks an atmosphere, and observations on the horns prove that there is one mountain one-third of a mile high, and another a mile higher.

Who Has All the Gold?

It is a very prevalent impression now, and at other times when specie is scarce, that the banks have had it locked up in their vaults. This is a mistaken notion; for we saw enough of it in one of the Station houses last night, to set up a decent broker's shop. In the belt of one man, arrested for stealing a blanket, was found \$1,168 in gold, beside 228.90 in paper; and on a disorderly Irishman was found \$106 in gold. If we believe, if the truth was known, the bankers have no more than their share of the specie of the country; and if private citizens would circulate what they have hid away, there would be plenty.

Fun on a Mississippi Steamer.

About three weeks ago, the McLellan left her levee at LaCrosse for St. Paul, with as choice a lot of passengers on board as one generally sees together, and a crowd, too, that evidenced by its hilarity that it felt it was getting away from the theatre of war, and fast nearing the realms of peace and fresh air only to be found in the congenial climes and glorious scenes north of Maiden's Rock and Lake Peppin. Once under way, as is usual on such occasions, and with such crowds, the passengers went at the work of killing time in more ways than can here be conveniently told. Euchre, whist, old sledge, checkers, backgammon—everything but poker, had its devotees, while Billy at the bar was kept particularly busy "mixing" and "dispensing."

It was while thus engaged that Tyrrell commenced his pranks. He had prepared a small blackened cork, to resemble a great black spider, attached it to one end of a long hair, which, by means of a small stick, he would cause to drop down in front of some semi-drowsy player, starting him to his feet in deadly fright, or perhaps causing him to clutch or slap at his unwelcome intruder, with a vengeance only to be witnessed when one is startled out of his wits by some horrible apparition. Scores of passengers had been "sold" by the dodge, and a new victim was about being tried, on when all at once a cry came up from below, clear and distinct—a cry that always will startle all on shipboard—horrible in contemplation and fearful in reality:—

"Stop the boat!—stop the boat! Man overboard!—man overboard!"

In an instant the cabin was cleared—men dropped their cards and glasses; women turned pale with fright; and the bartender left his lager running to waste, the captain let fall his pen, and Tyrrell, for the once, subsided from his sport, and all rushed in promiscuous confusion to the guards and lower decks, to see and render help to the poor wight, who was supposed to have taken so unceremonious a bath in the father of waters. Of all the frightened ones, no one was more so than our friend Tyrrell. He went through the dining hall, into the ladies' cabin, out on the stern, down below, and up into the pilot house, with a velocity of movement that would have done honor to Stewart's Virginia Cavalry, and in less time than it takes to tell it. But what of the voice? None had heard the terrible cry save those who were in the cabin. The darkies below were as innocent of any knowledge of the cause of the hub-bub as human beings could be, while the deck hands swore that the whole fuss was raised by Tyrrell, who had rushed down below in a state of mind bordering on insanity, and insisted on getting out the life boat, in which to reconnoitre the cook's galley for the missing man, or upon doing other as strange and incomprehensible things, in order to fathom the mystery.

But the crowd soon became convinced that they had been sold, and an investigation was entered into in order to ascertain who was the vender. The heaviest purchaser was evidently poor Tyrrell. They came back into the cabin and resumed their vocations—all but Tyrrell, who was afterwards found sitting about the hen coop, fanning himself with a bottle.

We had almost forgotten to explain the joke. It seems that among the passengers on board who had witnessed the "spider trick," was a "reliable war correspondent," a wag, by-the-way, and a ventriloquist of the first water, who thought it was to bad too let Tyrrell have all the fun to himself, so he went it on his "vocal."

THE REBEL CLARKSON IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling Intelligence learns from the Deputy United States Marshal for Cabell county, that the rebel Colonel Clarkson, with a large force of cavalry, has been scouring Cabell county and the country between the Big Sandy and Kanawha rivers for several days, capturing prisoners and driving off cattle, horses, and hogs. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week he was in Cabell county, and approached within twelve miles of Guyandotte, which he might do again with perfect impunity, and there are no troops near enough to molest him or make him afraid. He captured about forty Union men and took them away with him, besides a large number of horses, hogs, and cattle. Clarkson came down through Tazewell and Logan counties and returned by the same route. Col. Zeigler is at Ceredo with the Fifth Virginia, but he is kept pretty busy fighting the guerrilla Captain Wicker, commonly known as "Clawhammer," whose band infests Wayne county.

[Special Despatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.] INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 7.

Hon. John A. Usher, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has returned from the Northwest, where he went to investigate the Indian outrages. He gives a most heartrending account of the atrocities committed upon the white inhabitants by the savages, and is firmly of the opinion that those who have been convicted ought to be executed, and will so recommend to the President. If not done under the forms of law, the people will take the matter into their own hands, and rid the earth of the monsters.

## The Will of Washington Stolen and Sold to the British Museum—The Age of the Goths Revived.

We are pained to record this morning, in the deeply interesting proceedings of the New York Historical Society last evening, that the will of George Washington, which was stolen some time since on the advance of our Army into Virginia has been sold to the British Museum! This will was originally deposited in Fairfax Court House, where it lay in the archives up to a few months since. The dictation and writing was Washington's exclusively; it was the last production of his pen, and gave evidence of those traits of character, which won for him immortality during and after the revolution; he placed his signature at the end of every page; and distinctly stated that the will was devised by himself.

When Fairfax Court House was captured by our troops, it was despoiled of some of its most valuable contents. Even the will of Washington was not spared. Seized suddenly by a soldier from its receptacle, it was deemed the lawful prize of the plunderer. The great and asacred document was forgotten in the pillage of the advance; and what should have been the property of the nation, was abstracted by a robber, lost to all the sense, decency and manliness of patriotism, who thus disgraced his country and the honorable uniform he wore.

Mr. Moore, it will be seen by our report of the Historical Society's session last evening, stated that he had received information from a reliable source that this will had been sold to the British Museum. Such an outrage should not have been permitted. The fact that the will was stolen was fully announced shortly after the robbery, but no measures were taken to recover it. It may be that we shall yet hear that even the venerable dust of him who penned the document has been purchased by the buyers of his will. This circumstance abundantly indicates that when our war shall have closed, we may seek in vain for the mementoes, memorials, and relics of the Revolution, which should awaken the respect and veneration of all who loved to trace the struggles, trials, and triumphs of the Republic, which they so suggestively represent. The rudest nations of modern times, not blessed with our boasted civilization, have, when the hosts advanced through hostile countries, carefully guarded such relics. It has been ours to violate the rule, which even barbarians respect. Mr. Moore is entitled to much praise for the discovery of this important, but painful fact.—N. Y. Evening Express.

THE RAZOR FISH.—The razor pivot shells contain a long, firm fish, resembling both the oyster and limpet. The shells of this animal resemble nothing so much as the haft of a razor; they are open at both ends, and the fish protrudes or retracts its head at pleasure; the color is a yellowish brown, and the shells are slightly convex. Their form enables them to dive into the soft sand at the bottom; all the motions of this little animal are confined to sinking or rising a foot downward or upward in the sand. There is a small hole like a chimney, through which the animal breathes or imbibes the sea-water. Upon the desertion of the tide these holes are easily distinguished by the fishermen who seek for it, and their method to attract it up is by sprinkling salt on the hole; this, melting, reaches the razor, which instantly rises straight upward and shows half its length above the surface.

If the fisherman does not seize the opportunity, the razor at once buries itself with great ease to its former depth; there it continues secure, no salt can allure it a second time, and can only be taken by the fisher digging it out sometimes two feet below the surface.—Waverly Mag.

HOW THEY FIRE IN BATTLE.—You wonder whether the regiment fires regularly or in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That depends upon circumstances; but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and a roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick walls tumble at a fire. Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment, the men form into a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second one fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling with bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them they would dash against a picket fence of bayonets. When they form in this way, the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roll is terrific, and many a horse and rider go down before the terrific storm of bullets.—N. Y. Clipper.

ANOTHER CONTENTED SEAT.—Mr. Knox, of St. Louis, has notified Gen. Frank Blair that he will contest his seat in the next House of Representatives.